

ROCKY BOY RED MEN GET FARMS

HEART OF ASSINIBOINE RESERVATION IS THEIR FUTURE HOME.

Have Been Driven From Pillar to Post Since They Wandered Across Canadian Border; Will Have Whites as Neighbors.

The stony pathway of the Rocky Boy Indians has at last led to the green sward. Driven about from pillar to post ever since they wandered across the Canadian boundary through Glacier National park seven years ago as tramp tribesmen of the Cree nation, this band of 300 red men has had a hard lot.

Now, with the opening of the Fort Assiniboine military reservation, embracing 200,000 acres, near Havre, the United States government will set aside 57,000 acres for them. They are rejoicing in the fact that they are to have a permanent home.

There are about 75,000 acres of tillable land in this tract, and this is to be thrown open to white settlers. The reservation is in the Bear Paw mountains.

Farms for White Men.

Uncle Sam has departed from the regular lottery in the disposition of this land to settlers. Application of parcels in this tract may be made at Havre from now to Nov. 10 of this year. Here are the government requirements:

All applications filed during this period will be treated as filed simultaneously. Applicants will not be permitted to take more than 160 acres. Where there is more than one applicant for a certain tract, the right of the applicant will be determined by public drawing, which will be held at Havre, beginning at 10 o'clock a. m., Nov. 18. If the applicant fails to secure any of the land applied for, his application will be rejected. Where there are no conflicting applications, the applicants may secure their land at once.

Costs \$2.50 Per Acre.

The appraised price of the land is \$2.50 per acre, 50 cents per acre to be paid at the time of making entry and 50 cents per acre each and every year thereafter, until the sum of \$2.50 shall have been paid. The regular land office fee of \$10 will be collected in addition to this amount.

Each person presenting an application to enter must accompany such application with the required first payment and the land office fee and commissions. The payment must be made in cash or by a certified check or postoffice money order. If the application is rejected, the money paid will be returned.

Any lands remaining after six months will be thrown open to the general public under the enlarged homestead law for filing, and an appraised value of \$1.25 per acre will obtain, in addition to the regular fee and commissions, and 25 cents per acre must be paid at the time of making entry and 25 cents per acre for each year thereafter until the \$1.25 is paid.

Coal Rights Reserved.

The coal lands are subject to disposition under the homestead law, but the homestead applicant must agree to a reservation to the United States of the coal deposits.

Influence of Advertising Very Subtle

The influence of advertising often is so subtle and unapparent that many dealers are inclined to pass it up lightly as a wasteful extravagance benefiting none by the publisher. They too often base their judgment on the fact that customers come into their stores and ask for articles rather than for brands. Many dealers don't stop to consider that the responsibility of satisfying the customer rests with them, especially if they happen to sell two or more brands of the article called for.

When a buyer comes into a store and asks for an article without specifying a brand, the dealer can, by suggesting the well-advertised name, implant himself in the good graces of the buyer and take less time to clinch his sale. Though the average customer will listen to the dealer's recommendation of an unknown, unadvertised article, the recommendation of the known article is far more readily accepted and vastly safer to make. The manufacturer who comes into the light with advertising puts himself under an obligation; his advertising is a guarantee that his product is right, and unconsciously the buyer remembers this when the advertised name is mentioned by the dealer. The manufacturer who does not advertise his goods and who endeavors to cash in on the known brand has only a substitute and the dealer who recommends it for the sake of profit is jeopardizing his own good will and his future profits.

The Trail of Reel Foot

A Montana Trapper's Story

By Charles M. Russell

"I'm gettin' mighty weary of holin' up in this line camp," said Long X Wilson, scratching the frost from the window and gazing discontentedly out at the storm. "If the snow ever lets up it'll be fine trackin' weather, 'n chances'll be good for a blacktail over on Painted Ridge."

"Tracks'd do you a whole lot of good, old scout," said Bowlegs, sitting up cross-legged in the bunk and rolling a cigarette. "You couldn't track a bed-wagon through a boghole. I ain't forgot last winter, when you're lost on Dog creek. You're riding in a circle, follerin' your own trail, 'n you'd 'a been there yet if the Cross H boys hadn't found you. You're a trapper, I don't think."

"Speakin' of trackin'," broke in old Dad Lane, the wolfer, "reminds me of a cripple I knowed who goes by the name of Reel Foot. He's one of nature's mistakes, a born deformity. It looks like when Old Lady Nature built him she starts from the top 'n does good work till she gets to his legs, 'n then throws off the job to somebody that's workin' for fun."

"This cripple was before your time, but he's well known on the lower Yellowstone in the early '70's. The first time I ever see Reel Foot I'm sittin' in a poker game with him. Now lookin' at him across the table, he'll average up with any man for shape 'n looks, but at this time I ain't acquainted with him from his waist-band down."

"For weeks I've been eatin' plenty of booze, 'n I'm at that stage where I see things that ain't there. Old Four-ace Jack, that's handin' us the beverage, looks like twins; my sight's doublin' up on me. The game's goin' along smooth enough till I reach for a pot on a pair of aces, 'n Reel Foot claims I only got one. There's quite a little argument, 'n while he's convincin' me I spill some chips. While I'm groppin' round for 'em under the table, I run on to them hoofs, warped 'n twisted, 'n it rattles me till I see feet enough for four men, 'n there's only two of us playin'. This end's the game for me, so cashin' in, I tell Four-Ace to pour my drink back in the bottle. I'm that shaky I couldn't empty it into a barr'l with the head out, 'n I don't swallow no more booze that trip."

"The sear wears off when I get acquainted with Reel Foot, but I never do look at him without wonderin' which way he's goin' to start off. His right foot's straight ahead, natural; the left, pointin' back on his trail. It's an old sayin', 'a fool for luck,' 'n in this case I guess it goes with the cripples, for it's these twisted 'n' legs of his 'n that saves his hide 'n hair for him once."

"It happens when he first hits the country from Nebraska. He's camped on the Porcupine, 'n as trappin' 's good 'n he's figurin' on stayin' awhile, he's throwed up a lean-to of brush. He's one of these kind that don't get lonesome, 'n 'lows if you don't mix with no worse company than animals you're all right. Livin' so long with his cayuses, he savvies 'em, 'n they understand him. They even seem to know what he's talkin' to 'em about."

"One mornin' Reel Foot leaves camp to visit his traps. He's on his pony, but about a mile down the creek, the brush bein' thick, he quits the cayuse 'n goes afoot. After visitin' his traps Reel Foot circles 'round 'n doubles back on his old trail a couple of hundred yards below where the boss is tied. When he reaches the cayuse he climbs on 'n rides into camp."

"Now, there's a bunch of Ogallala Sioux in this country, led by Blood Lance. They're runnin' buffalo, 'n one day they find where some white men had made a killin' 'n tuk nothin' but the tongues. This waste of meat makes their hearts bad, 'n it wouldn't be healthy for no whites they run across. Their feelin's 're stirred up this way when they strike Reel Foot's tracks, which causes 'em to pull up their ponies, 'n every Injun skins his gun. There's snow on the ground, so the readin's plain. He's wearin' moccasins, but that don't fool 'em none; they see where he's shuk out his pipe while he's walkin'. This tells 'em he's a white man, 'cause Injuns don't smoke while they're travelin'. Whenever a redskin lights his pipe, you can bet he's down on his hunkers, talkin' comfort."

"But it ain't what he is that's got these people guessin', but which way he's goin'. They all get down off their ponies 'n smoke, talk 'n make medicine."

"My brothers," says one wise old buck, who's been sittin' wrapped in his blanket, sayin' nothin', "are the Ogallalas like the bat that they cannot see in the light of the sun? Shall we sit 'n talk like women while these men with hair on their faces, who leave our meat to rot on the prairie, walk from under our knives 'n laugh at us? I am old 'n do not boast of the eyes of the hawk, but it's as plain as the travoy tracks in the sun; there are two men."

"After studyin' the tracks awhile they decide the old man's right. There are two one-legged men travelin' in opposite directions. From the length



Ran on to Reel Foot's Tracks.

of the stride, showed by the track, it over 'n decide to split the party 'n they figure these men 're long in the leg 'n must be very tall. They talk "Of course they go lookin' for the

track of a crutch or wooden leg, but finally, the only way they can figure it out is that these two men's travelin' by hoppin'. 'n the tricks these cripples does has them savages guessin'. There's one place where Reel Foot's jumped off a cutbank, it's anyway ten feet straight down. Now for the cripple that jumps down, it's easy, but what's worryin' these Injuns is how the other one-legged man stands flatfooted 'n bounds up the bank, lightin' easy, with no sign of scramblin'."

"When the party that takes the trail towards camp gets to where Reel Foot doubles back, they're plenty puzzled. Injun-like, these fellows 're superstitious, 'n when the tracks run together, they're getting scary."

"It looks to me like the tracks of two two-legged men walkin' in opposite ways," says a young buck named Weasel, "or else the one-legged men have found their lost legs."

"But the old wise man says: 'Again the young buck has the eyes of the bat. There are four tracks; two of the right foot and two of the left. These are the tracks of four one-legged men.'"

"Some think it's the work of ghosts 'n 're willin' to turn back, but their curiosity downes their fear, 'n they foller the trail mighty shaky till they run on to where Reel Foot mounts his boss. Here they figger that two of these one-legged men got off the boss, while the other two, comin' the opposite direction 'n ride into the willers."

"By this time these savages 're so rattled that the snappin' of a twig would turn the whole bank back. They're beginnin' to think they've struck the land of one-legged men, 'n they're follerin' the trail mighty cautious when they sight the smoke of Reel Foot's camp."

"Now, when Reel Foot gets in from his hunt, he's mighty legweary after draggin' them warped feet of his 'n through the snow. So the minute he gets some grub under his belt, he freshens the fire 'n beds down with his feet stickin' out towards the warmth. He's layin' this way asleep when these killers come up on him. The minute they sight his feet every buck's hand goes to his mouth, 'n when an Injun does this he's plenty astonished. All the tricks in the tracks are plain to them now. Some of 'em 're hostile 'n 're for killin' him, but the old man of the party say it is not good to kill a man whose tracks have fooled the hawk-eyed Ogallalas. Deformities among these people 're few 'n far between. In buildin' all wild animals nature

NON-PARTISANS ARE ORGANIZING

OVER 1,000 MONTANA FARMERS HAVE JOINED DA-KOTA LEAGUE.

Congressman Manahan, Attorney for League, Says Montana Will Hear More of Great Organization in Future; Its Policy.

Congressman Manahan of Minnesota, who is the attorney for the Farmer's Non-Partisan league of North Dakota, an organization of much political power, has been touring Montana for the past month. Mr. Manahan says that the efforts of league organizers working in northeastern Montana during the past month have resulted in a Montana membership in the league of over 1,000.

"The work of organization will go forward vigorously in this state," said Mr. Manahan. "Montana will know more about this Non-Partisan league in the course of a couple of years. The progress that it has made in the the Dakotas is wonderful."

"The league is in favor of state highway system; state aid for trunk-line highways and other mediums that will assist North Dakota to avail itself of the graduated federal aid, beginning with \$75,000 per annum vouchsafed by the Shackleford good roads bill."

For Better Roads.

"North Dakota is already crossed and criss-crossed by some half dozen trans-continental and 'Dominion-to-the-Gulf' highways, the expense of which to date has been borne entirely by the municipalities, townships or counties most directly benefited. Federal aid will mean a vast improvement in these highways and, perhaps, some wagon bridges across the Missouri river which to date is spanned by but one pontoon bridge accessible to automobiles in its entire travels across the state."

"The development of the state farm loan plan, which contemplates the lending of public institutional funds to the agriculturist at 5 per cent, is urged by the league. The average rate of interest on farm loans in North Dakota, the federal government finds is 8.7 per cent, including commissions."

Loan State Funds.

"For many years the state loaned institutional funds to an amount not exceeding one-third of the assessed value of the land only, not including improvements, at 6 per cent, and the interest rate for the past two years has been 5 per cent. At present there are outstanding between 2,500 and 3,000 loans of this type, representing a total of more than \$4,000,000, covering 593,529 of North Dakota's 45,000,000 arable acres."

The policy of the league, as far as Montana is concerned, has not been decided upon, but will probably be along the lines of that pursued in the Dakotas.

CANINE STANDS GUARD OVER DEAD MASTER

CIRCUS PERFORMER DIES AT ANACONDA; DOG KEEPS INTRUDERS AWAY.

When Frank Johnson, a circus and street fair performer, died in Anaconda a few days ago in a rooming house, his trick dog stood guard at the bedside and for a time kept all intruders away. The little black and white dog snarled and growled when the landlady attempted to arouse Johnson.

Johnson and his dog went under the stage name of "Ole and Ole." Their last engagement was at the Montana state fair. The team was widely known throughout the west. Johnson was waiting for news from a booking agency. The letter came the day after his death.

Airplane Mail Service.

New York.—Victor Carlstrom, flying in the New York Times mail-carrying airplane, has failed in his attempt to fly from Chicago to New York without a stop, but he broke the American cross-country non-stop record when he flew from Chicago to Erie, Pa., a distance of 480 miles, in 257½ minutes. Carlstrom also broke the speed record for distance flying, his average being 112 miles an hour.

makes few mistakes. Injuns 're part wild, 'n when you see a cripple among 'em, it's safe bettin' that somebody's worked him over."

"They don't even wake Reel Foot, but, coverin' their guns, 'n crawlin' their ponies, sneak away. When he wakes from his nap he finds pony 'n moccasins tracks, but never knows how close he comes to crossin' the range till about two years later. Then me 'n him's in an Ogallala camp doing some tradin'. We're in Blood Lance's lodge, smokin' 'n dickerin' on a swap, when Blood Lance, who's been starin' at Reel Foot between puffs, lays down the pipe 'n signs he knows him. "Those feet," says he, pointin' to Reel Foot's twisted legs, fooled the Ogallala's 'n saved the white man's hair, 'n with that he spins us the yarn of Reel Foot's crooked tracks. Always after, he's knowed amongst the Ogallalas as 'The-Man-Who-Walks-Both-Ways.'"

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Boost Montana Grain Yield

Montana in 1917 should have the biggest grain crop in its history, not only because with the high prices that are certain to prevail it will bring millions upon millions of dollars into the coffers of the farmers of the state, but also because at the same time there is afforded an opportunity to give Montana advertising that will attract the attention of the world.

Every live community in Montana should get into the game. Now is the time to begin.

The cause for the high grain prices is due only to actual conditions of supply and demand, and not to any manipulation of the market, as has been the case on occasions in the past. With Montana spring wheat selling in the Twin Cities around \$2.00, there is little likelihood of a permanent decline for a year. It is even predicted by conservative grain men that the prospect is for a further advance of from 50 to 75 cents. There is every reason to believe that by next spring the best grades of wheat flour will sell for \$10 per barrel.

It is the business of every commercial club to undertake a systematic improvement of grain. In some of the liveliest towns in Montana this has been done, varying methods being used. Any town can do this:

First—Ask every farmer who can be reached to bring a sample of wheat, oats, barley and other grains which he intends to sow next spring for comparison with like samples brought by his neighbors. A blank should be filled out by each farmer covering the following points: Name of variety, Number of bushels per acre, How long grown by farmer, Where he got it originally, Mixtures with other varieties, How seed bed was prepared, When grain was seeded, How soil was treated, What was on field year before, What's to be on same field next year, Whether grain lodged, Whether attacked by rust, Date of harvest, Whether grain was sacked.

Second—The establishment of a fanning mill, showing why it is necessary to fan out trash, immature seeds and weed seeds to get the grain a uniform size and weight in order to give each kernel a fair start and have it all mature at the same time. This is especially important in barley.

Third—Instruction and demonstration, inducing each farmer to conduct an experiment for himself of testing seed oats, seed barley and seed wheat for vitality, in blotting papers; and in order that they may see the importance of this, to tabulate the result in percentages.

Fourth—A demonstration of various ways to treat seed grain for smut, either with machines, by dipping or sprinkling.

Fifth—To call a meeting of grain growers of the district to see that every farmer has the best seed available, and a vote should be taken to get as many as possible to unite on the variety best adapted to the soil and climate of that locality, and cut out the mongrel types of seed.

One of the best ways to handle this is for several of the best farmers, bankers, superintendents of schools and a few business men to get together to arrange this program, which would mean so much to each community individually, and millions of dollars in added profits for the state of Montana in 1917.

The local newspapers will give the campaign the fullest publicity and aid the work in every possible manner.

LET MONTANA IN 1917 SHOW THE BIGGEST GAIN IN AGRICULTURE IN HER HISTORY!